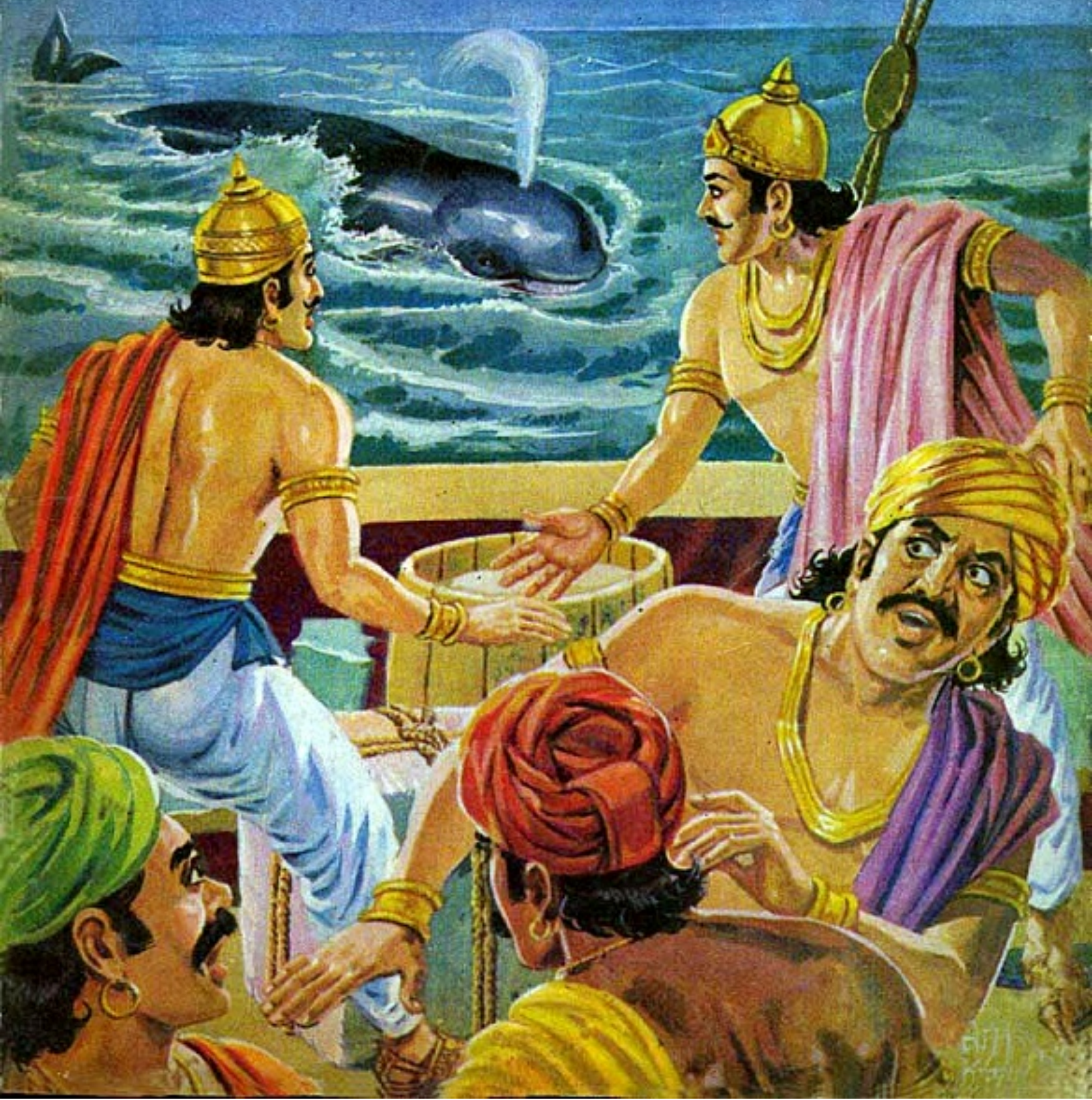




No. 297 Rs. 3.50

# THE LOST PRINCE

A TIBETAN TALE





## **Amar Chitra Katha**

No. 297, November 1, 1983



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## **The Lost Prince**

Buddhism took root in Tibet between the 7th and 10th centuries.

By the 14th century the sacred books of the Buddhists in Pali and Sanskrit had been rendered into the Tibetan language. Some of the Sanskrit texts lost in India, the country of their origin, are today known to us only from their Tibetan translations. This Chitra Katha is based on a story from one such translation.

Today Tibetan is spoken in Tibet, Bhutan, Nepal and in parts of India, including Sikkim.

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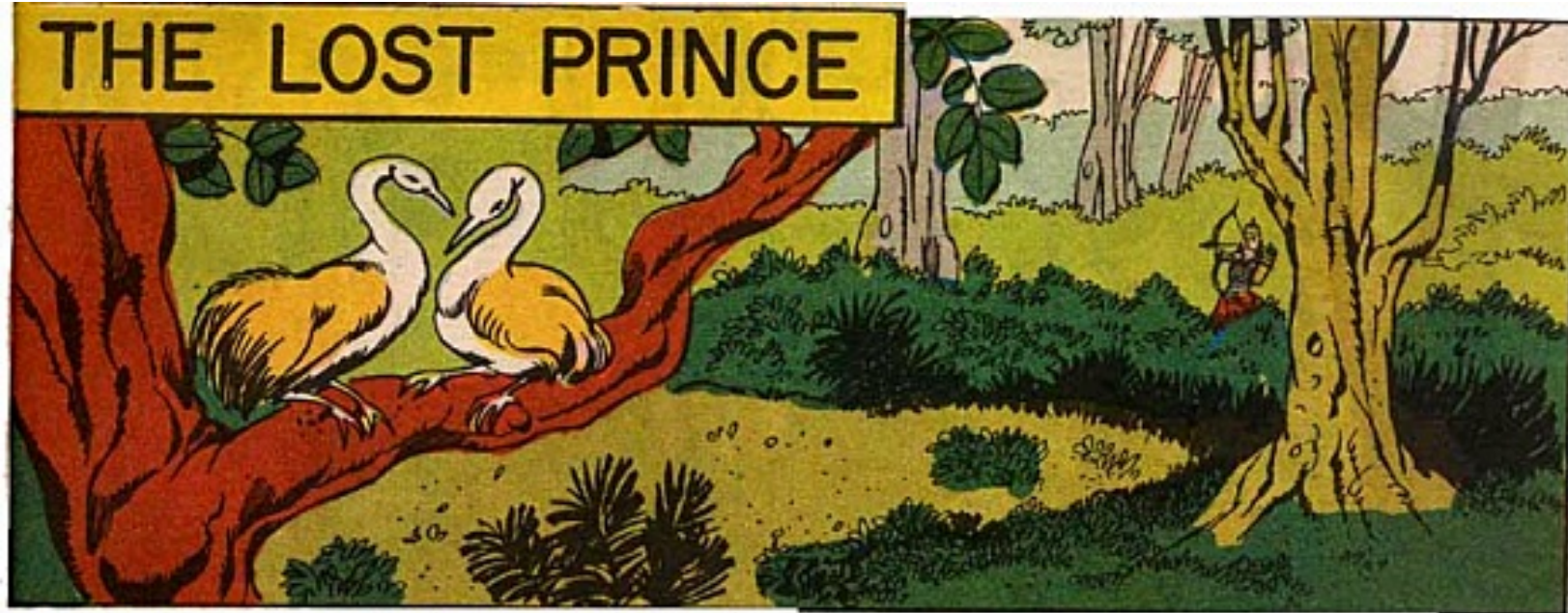
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# THE LOST PRINCE







KSHEMANKARA!



YES,  
BROTHER, I HAD  
TO STOP YOUR  
ARROW BEFORE  
IT WAS TOO  
LATE.



WHAT A  
SPOIL-SPORT  
YOU ARE!

KSHEMANKARA, THE ELDEST PRINCE OF THE  
LAND, SMILED AT HIS BROTHER.



ASK THE BIRDS,  
PAPANKARA. THEY'LL  
TELL YOU WHICH  
OF US IS THE  
SPOIL-SPORT.

THE TWO BROTHERS LEFT FOR THE  
PALACE.



WHAT'S THE  
USE OF KNOW-  
ING ARCHERY,  
KSHEMA, IF  
ONE CAN'T  
SHOOT DOWN  
A BIRD?







JUST THEN —



OUT  
YOU GO!



AND HERE ARE YOUR  
BELONGINGS.



PRINCE  
KSEMANKARA!



SHE HAS NOT  
PAID THE RENT  
FOR MONTHS  
SO ...

IS THAT ENOUGH  
CAUSE TO JUSTIFY  
YOUR ACTION ?

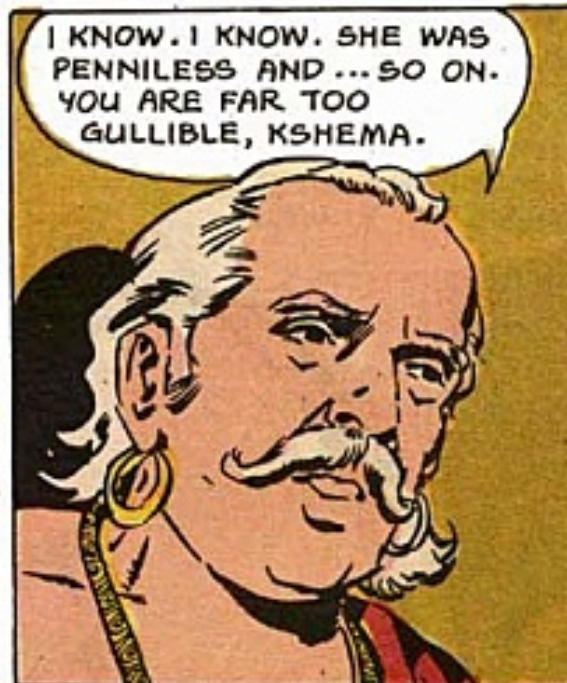
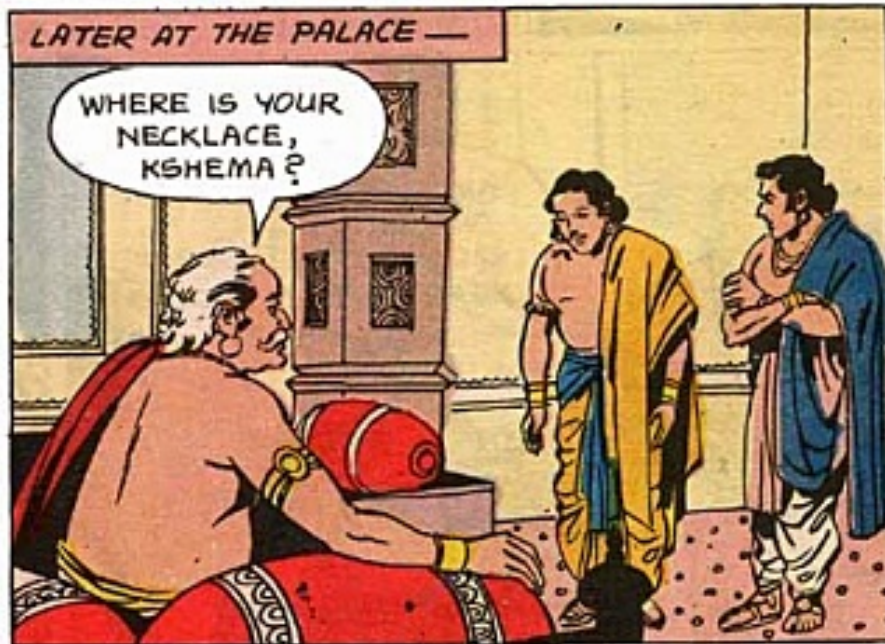


PARDON ME,  
PRINCE.

HE IS NOT TO BE BLAMED,  
SIR. MY HUSBAND IS DEAD.  
I HAVE NO ONE TO  
SUPPORT ME.



KSHEMANKARA REMOVED HIS NECKLACE AND —





IF YOU ASK ME,  
HE'S NOT GULLIBLE  
BUT SHREWD, FATHER,  
VERY SHREWD.

SHREWD?

YES. HE'S NOT  
GIVING AWAY  
WEALTH. HE'S  
ONLY INVESTING  
IT... TO EARN  
PRAISE.

ARE YOU SUGGEST-  
ING THAT KHEMA  
PRETENDS TO BE  
GENEROUS?

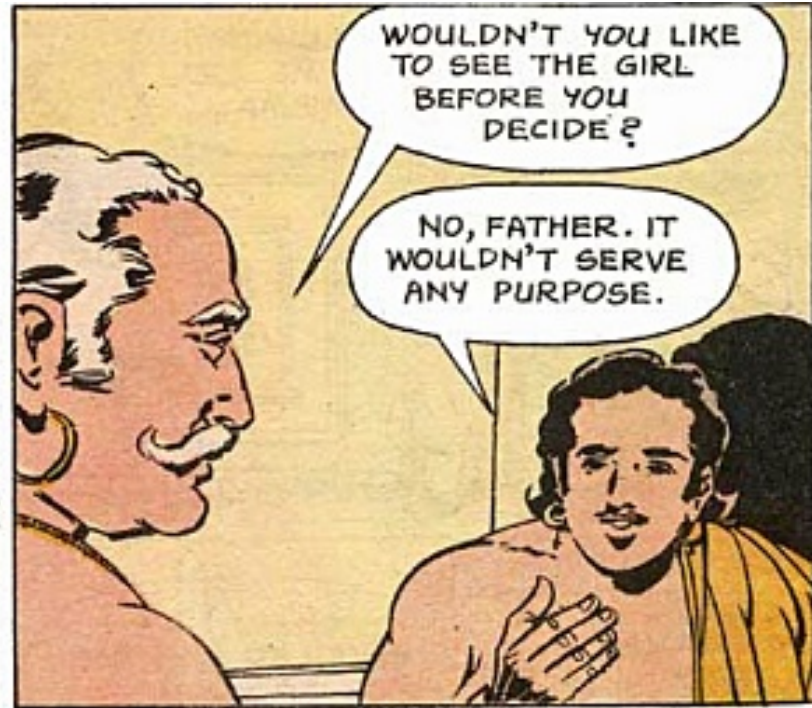
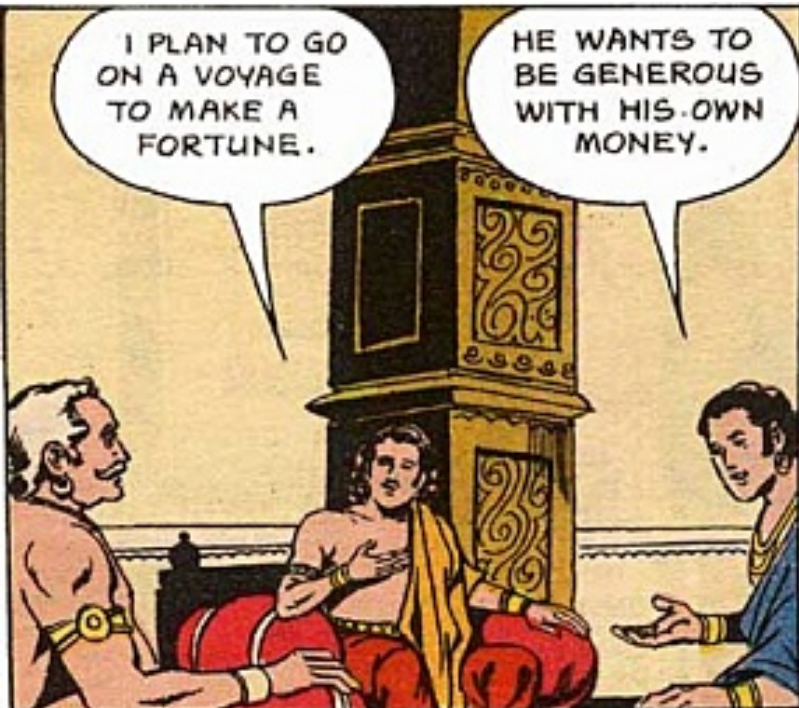
I AM SORRY,  
FATHER.  
I DIDN'T  
MEAN THAT.

KHEMA,  
A PROPOSAL  
HAS COME  
FOR YOU.

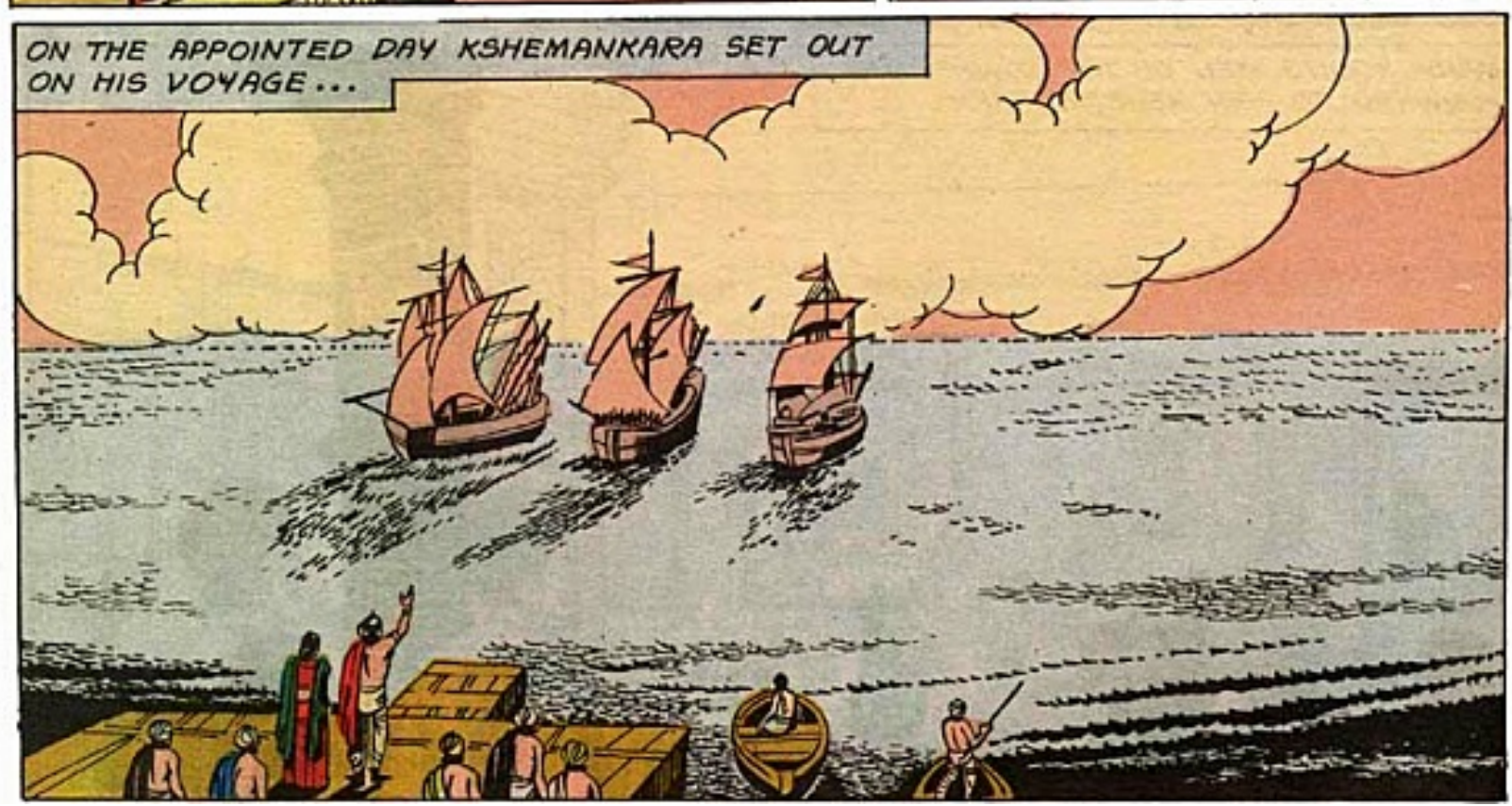
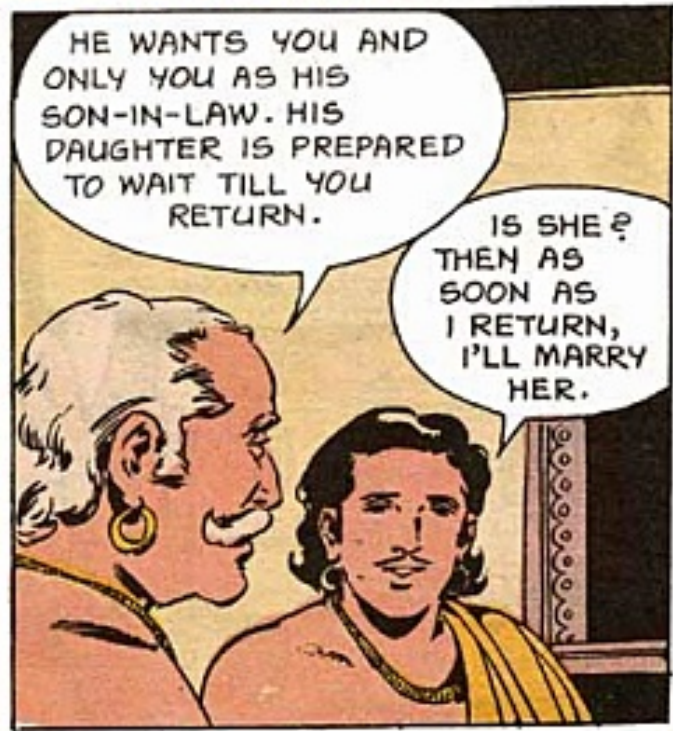
A KING, OUR NEIGHBOUR,  
HAS OFFERED HIS  
DAUGHTER'S HAND IN  
MARRIAGE TO YOU.

TELL HIM I DON'T  
INTEND TO MARRY  
JUST YET,  
FATHER.



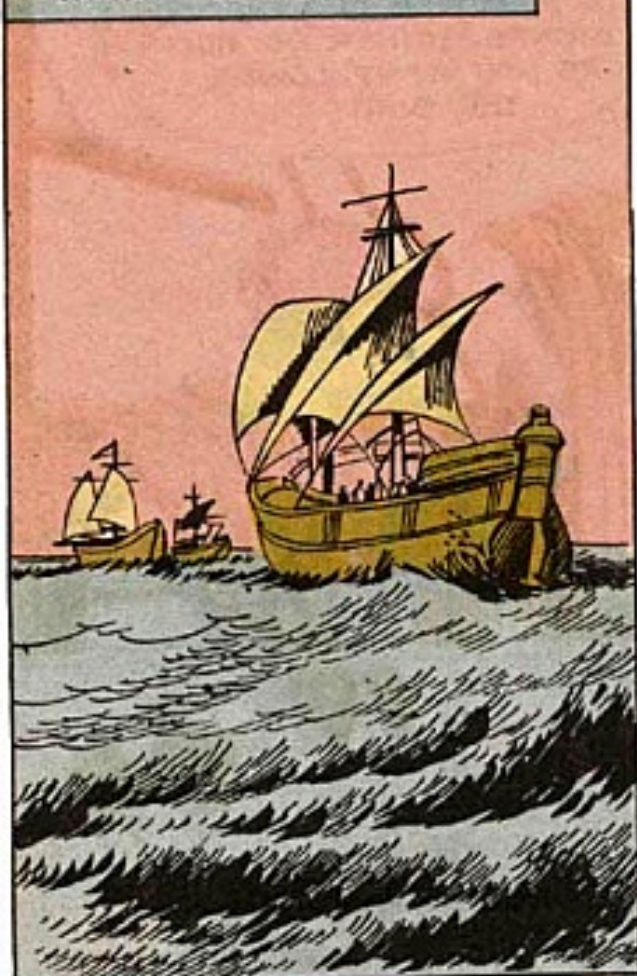








... WHICH TOOK HIM TO ...



... SEVERAL LANDS ...



... WHERE HE AND HIS MEN MADE A FORTUNE.



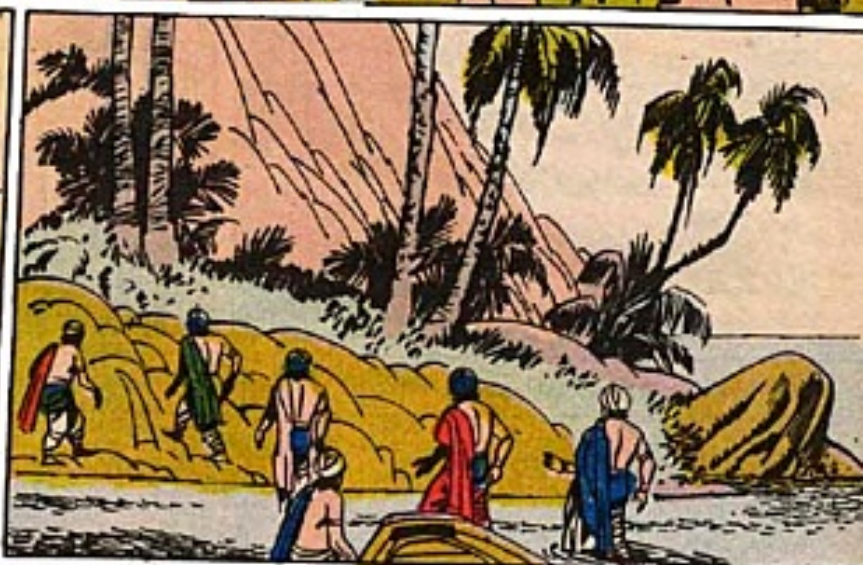
ONE DAY —





WHEN THEY ARRIVED AT THE ISLAND  
OF JEWELS —

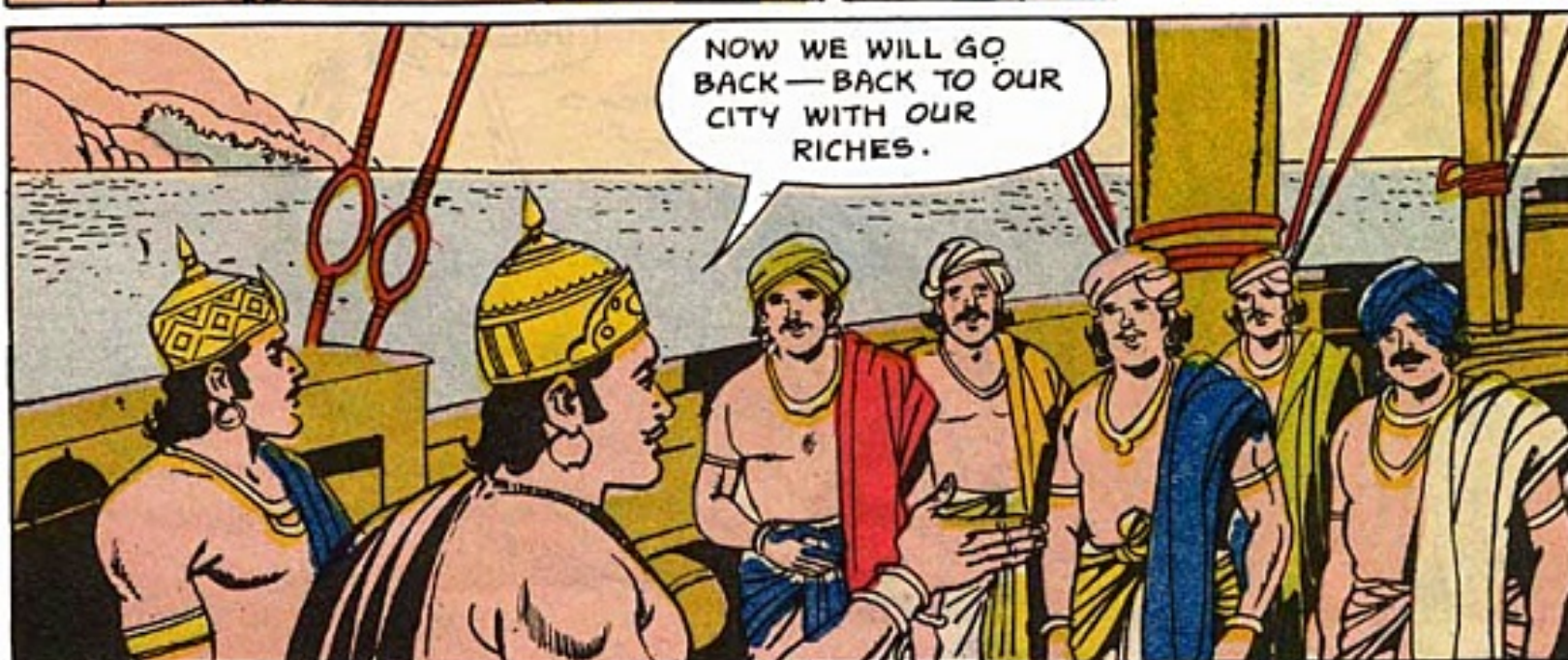
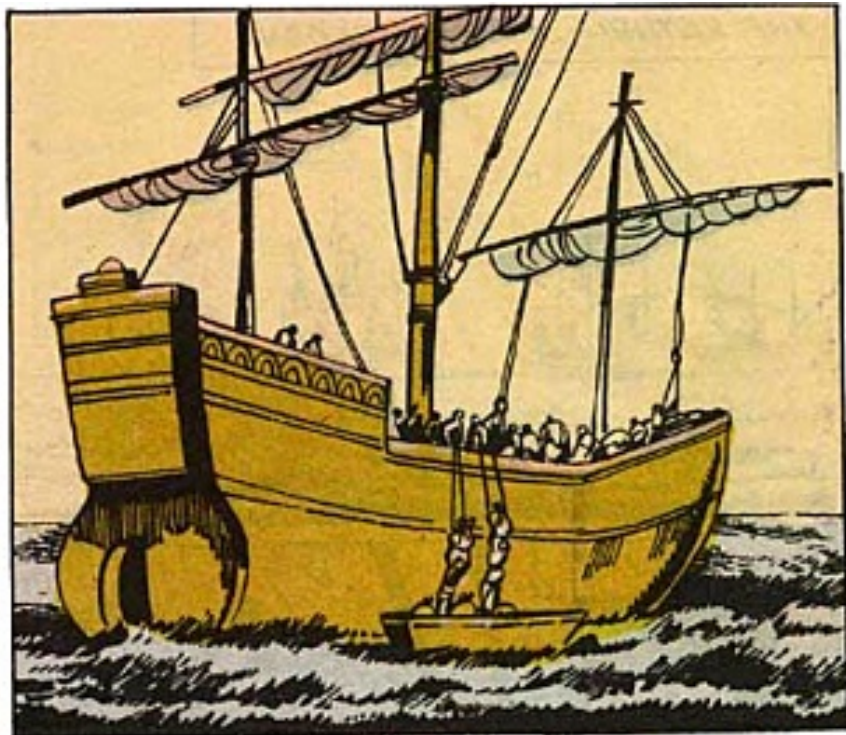
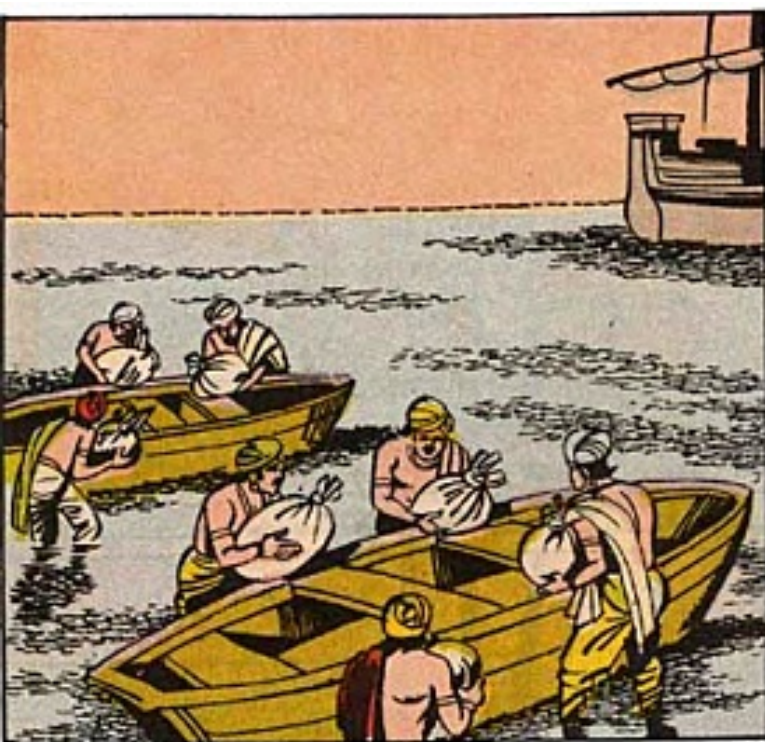
THAT ISLAND IS A MINE  
OF DIAMONDS AND PRECIOUS  
STONES. GATHER AS MUCH  
AS YOU WANT. LOWER  
THE BOATS.



WITHOUT WASTING A MOMENT THE MEN SET TO WORK.

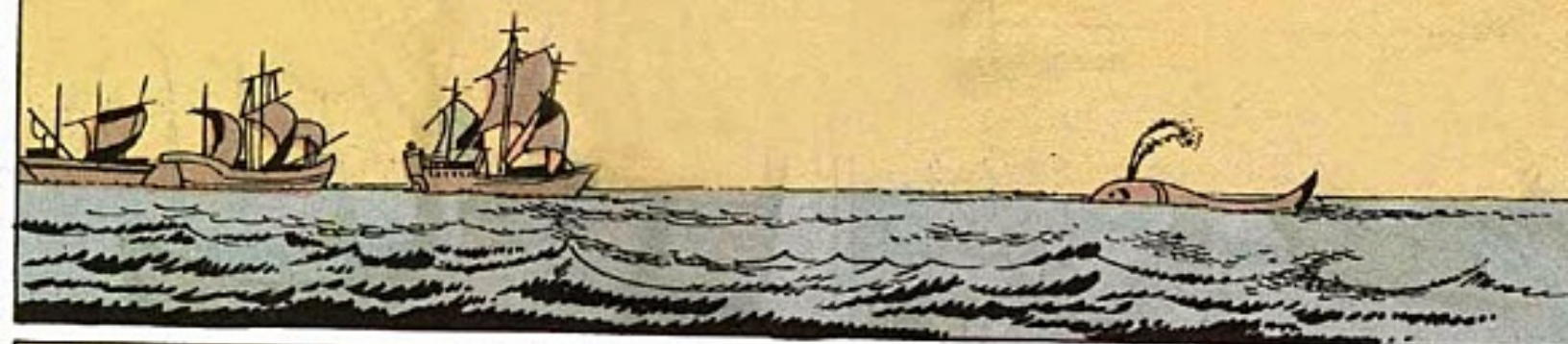




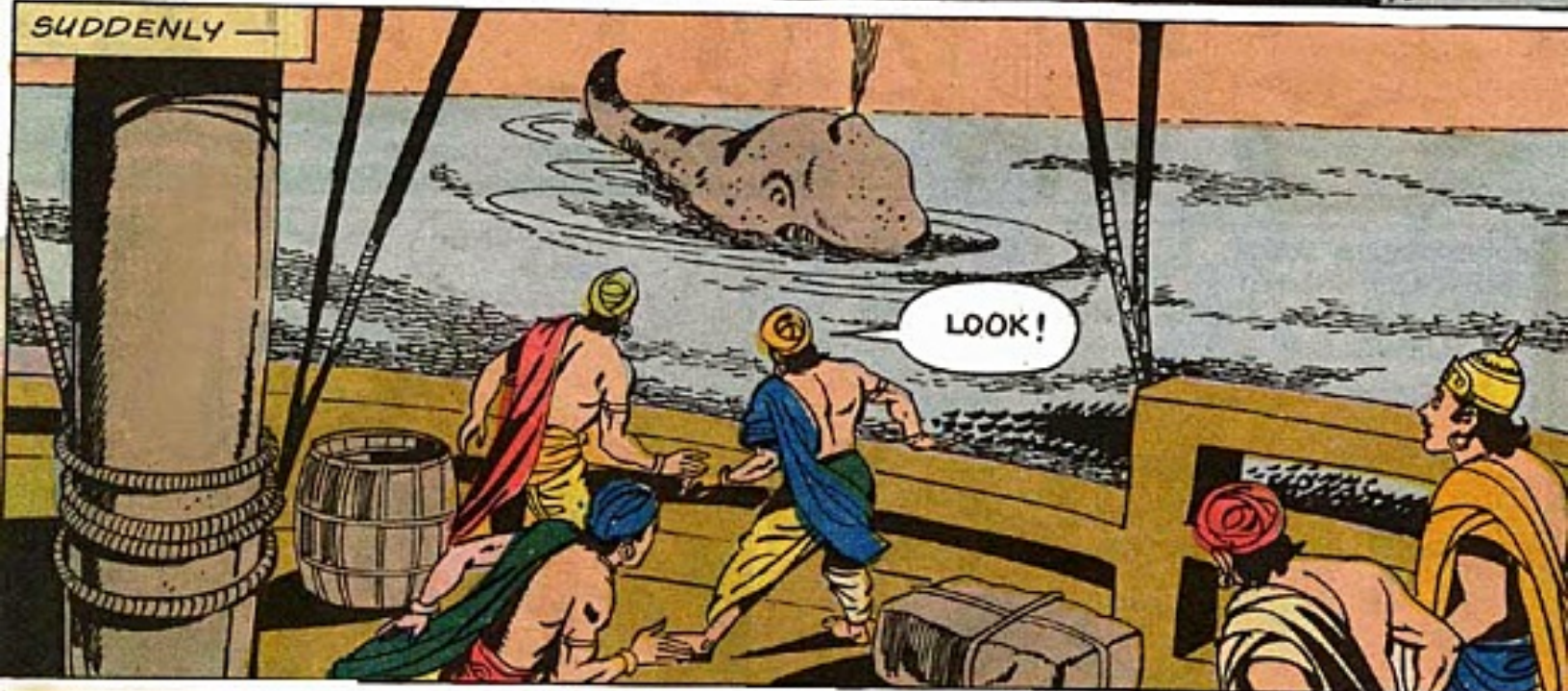




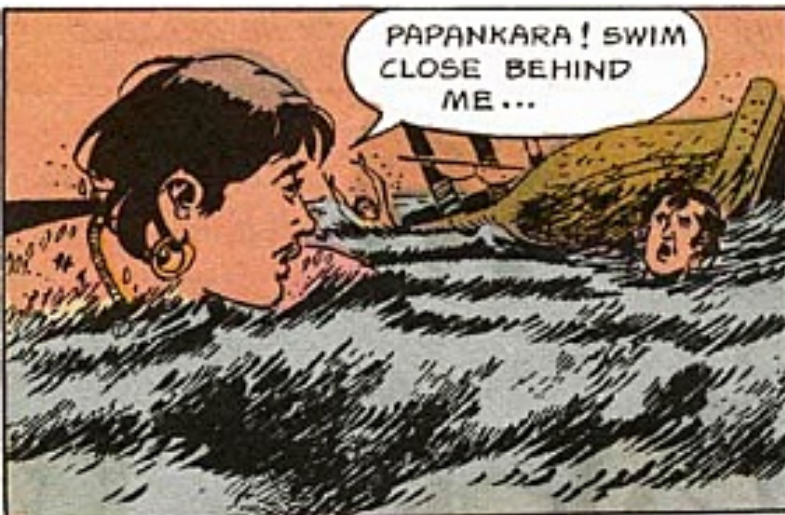
THE RETURN JOURNEY BEGAN.



SUDDENLY —

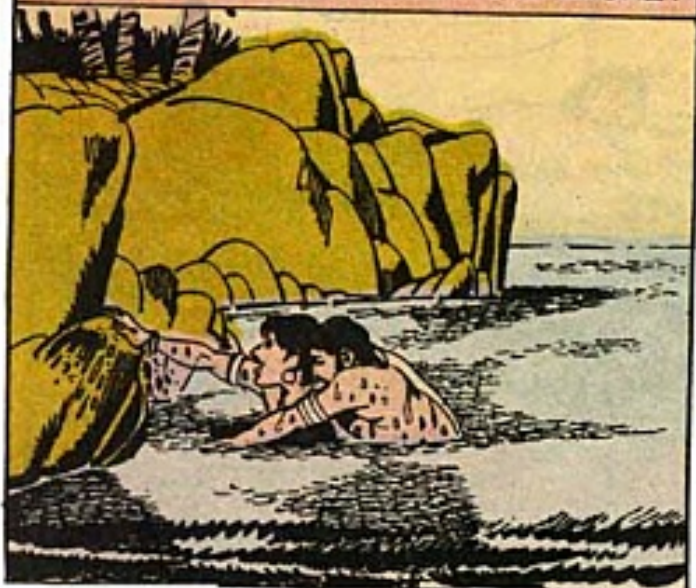








WITH GREAT DIFFICULTY KSHEMAN-  
KARA MANAGED TO REACH THE SHORE.



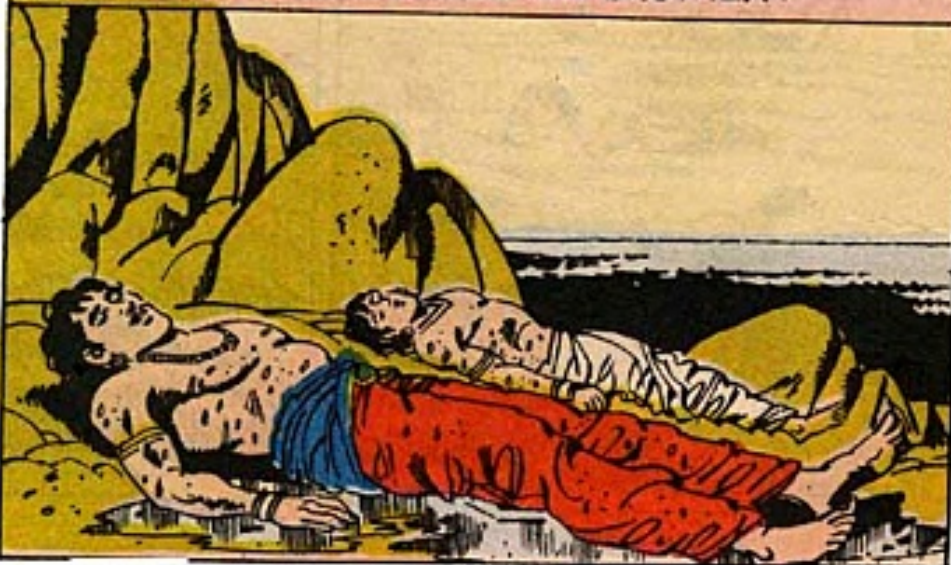
USING HIS LAST OUNCE OF STRENGTH HE DRAGGED  
PAPANKARA TOO, ONTO THE SHORE.



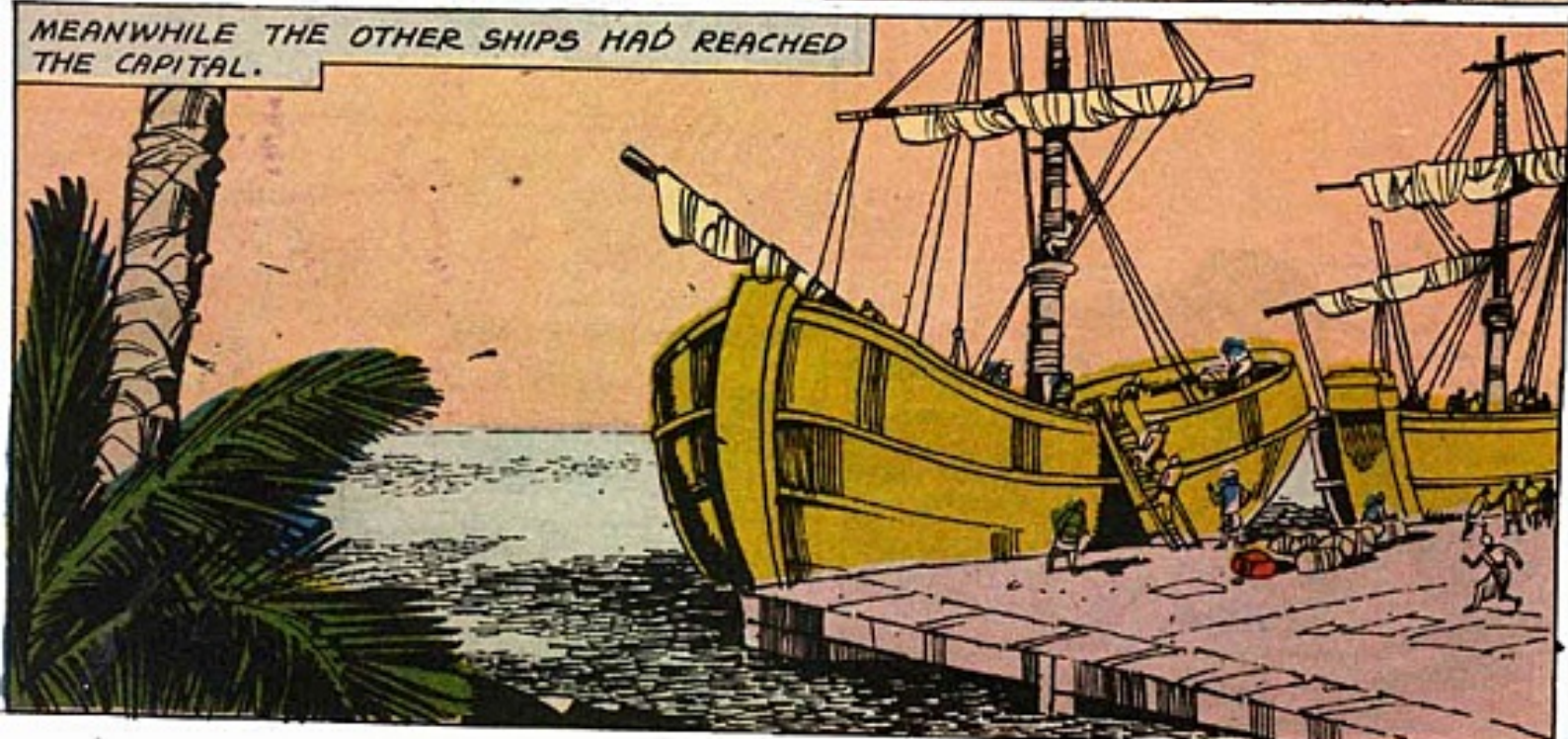
I MADE IT...  
WE'RE SAFE...



AND HE COLLAPSED BESIDE HIS BROTHER.



MEANWHILE THE OTHER SHIPS HAD REACHED  
THE CAPITAL.



CONTD. ON PAGE 19





Navisa was an eminent artist who lived in the 12th century in Assam. One day he drew a picture and set it up in the market place for exhibition.

At the bottom of the picture he left space in which people were asked to write their criticism of the painting.

In the evening when he went to bring back the picture he was startled to see that it had drawn heavy criticism.

Every part of the picture had been condemned as ugly by someone or the other.

Navisa could not understand it. Was his picture really so ugly?

He decided to put it up for exhibition the next day too.

This time instead of asking for criticism he asked the people to write down what they thought was the most beautiful in the picture.

When he returned for the picture in the evening he was astonished to see that every part of the picture had been praised for its beauty by someone or the other!

**Suman Bhattacharjee**  
Shillong - 793 003.

Do you know of any such rare anecdote of your region? Send it to us. For every accepted anecdote (300-500 words), we will pay you Rs. 50/-. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope if you want the story to be returned. Mail your story to:

The Editor  
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# The **INDIA** you do not know

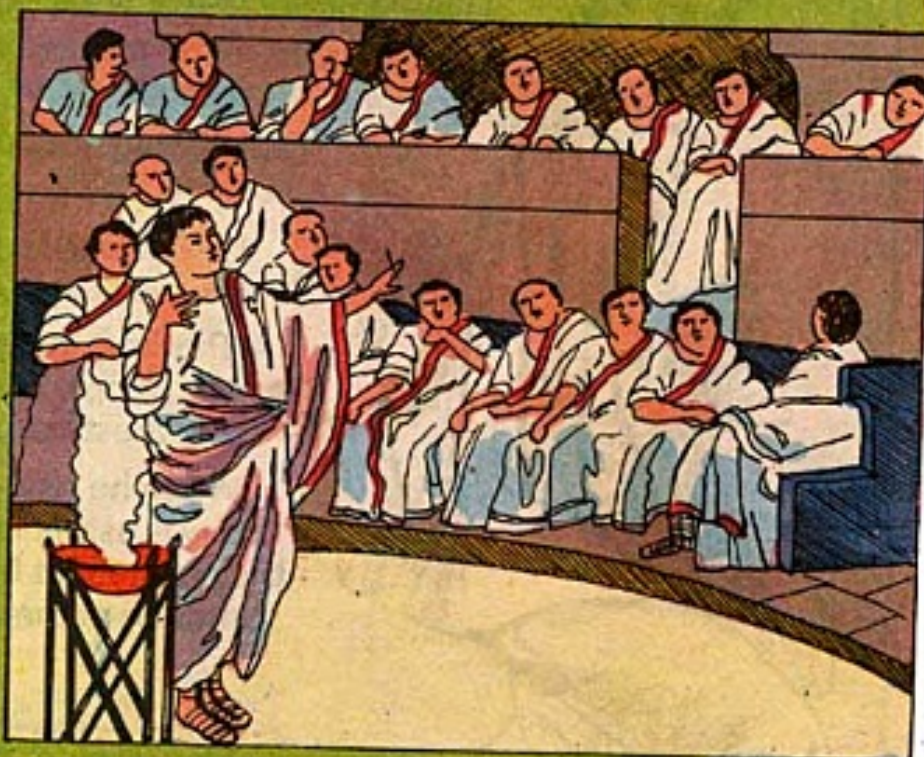
Script : Swarn Khandpur

Illustrated by : Neelam Paralkar



**Cotton fabrics were first used in India.** The ancient Mesopotamians imported cotton fabrics from Mohenjodaro. They called cotton 'Sindhu' after the country of its origin. Archaeologists have found spindle whorls in the Indus Valley (3000 B.C.). They even found pieces of cotton attached to a silver vase.

The Greeks and Romans spoke highly of the textile industry of India. This is evident from the works of Pliny, the Roman author and administrator, (A.D. 61-113). **Pliny's** complaint that Roman gold was being drained into India to buy luxury goods which included textiles, was taken up in the Roman Senate.



**No wonder manufacture of cotton fabrics was a closely-guarded secret.** Kautilya, the author of Artha Shastra, prescribes severe penalty for stealing yarn and for giving away information about the royal textile factories.

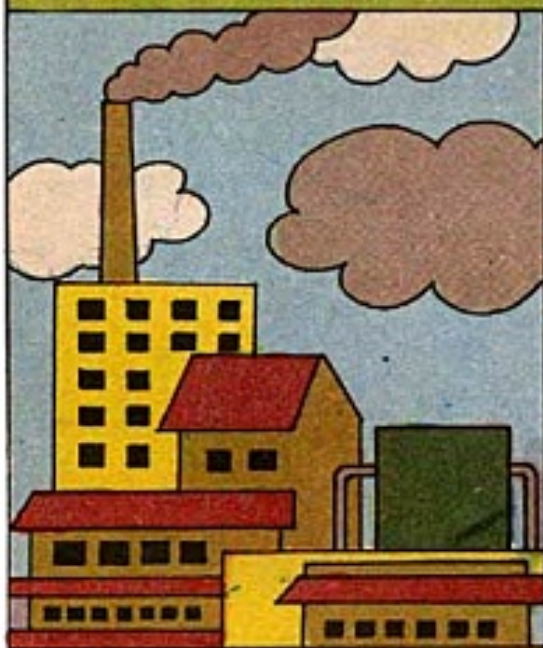
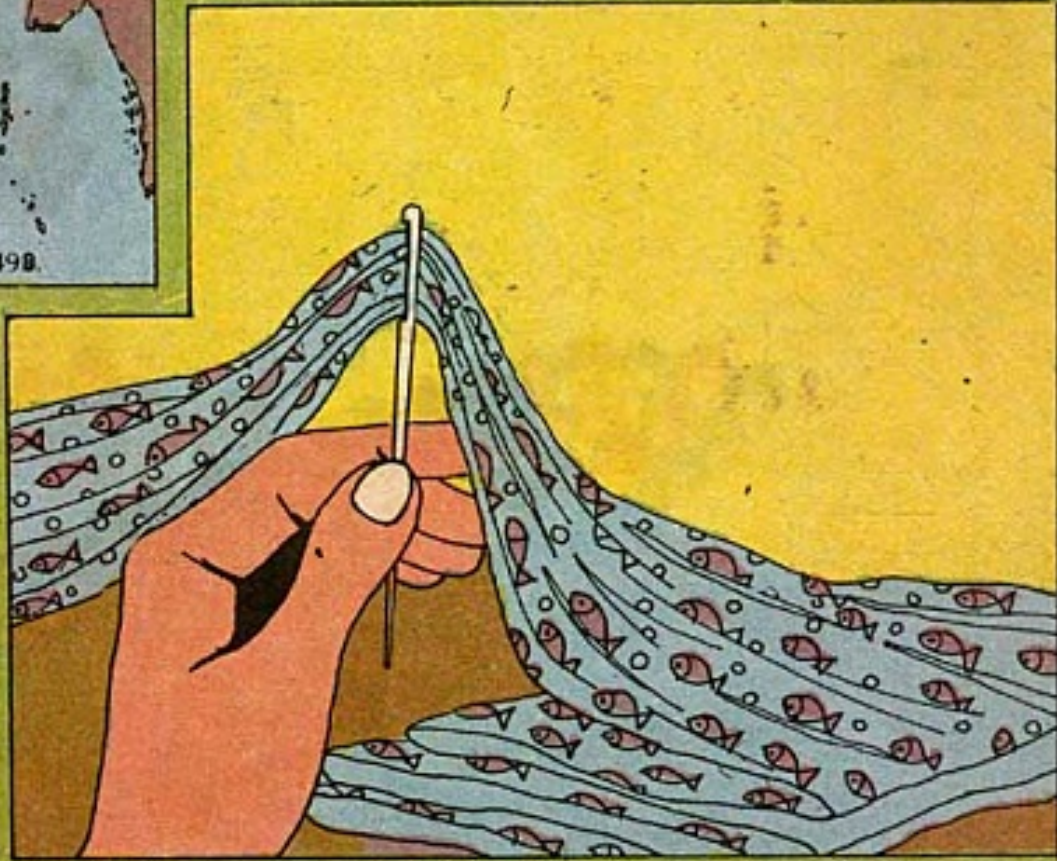






Before the arrival of the Mughals, the textile industry was centred at Surat, Cambay and Burhanpur in the West; Dacca and Varanasi in the East; and the Coromandel coast and Machilipatnam in the South.

**Indian muslin was famous all over the world.** "A hundred yards of Daulatabad muslin," says poet Amir Khusrau, "could pass through the eye of a needle, so fine was its texture."



**Today, India has the largest area in the world under cotton cultivation.** This represents one fourth of the total world area. Plain muslins, doria or striped muslin and checked muslin are manufactured at a number of places.



"I'll make my airplane fly  
High, high up in the sky  
I'll get some Gems, just for fun  
For me, for you, for everyone!"



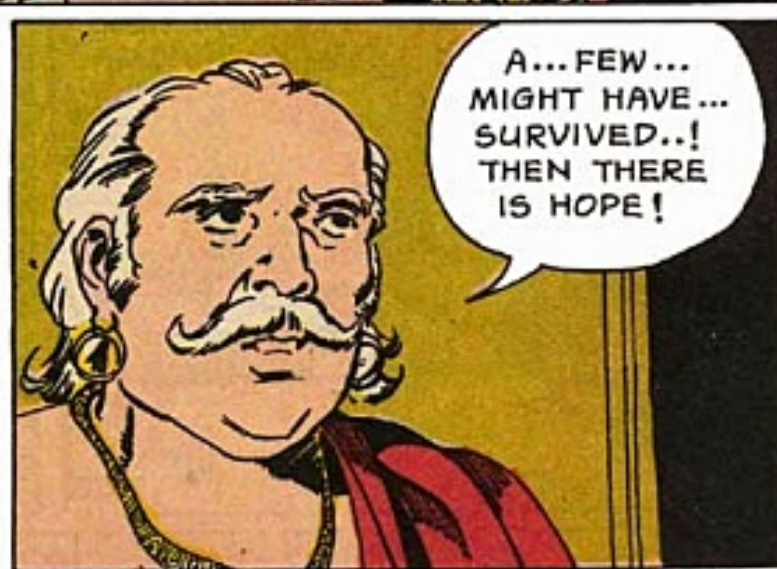
**Got a moment? Get a Gem!**

*Cadbury's*  
Chocolates

**Anything's possible with Cadbury's Gems!**



THE LUCKY ONES WHO SURVIVED MET THE KING AND GAVE HIM THE BAD NEWS.





THE KING FELL ILL AND WAS ON HIS DEATH-BED. YET HE KEPT HOPING.

HAVE... MY  
... SONS ...  
COME  
BACK...?

NO,  
MAHARAJ..  
NOT YET.

THEN ONE DAY —

MAHARAJ... PRINCE  
PAPANKARA HAS ...  
COME !

WHAT!

THE KING SAT UP.

FATHER!

PAPANKARA!  
WHERE IS  
KSHEMA?

I'M SORRY,  
FATHER. HE WILL  
NEVER SEE US  
AGAIN.

THAT NIGHT THE KING BREATHED HIS LAST.

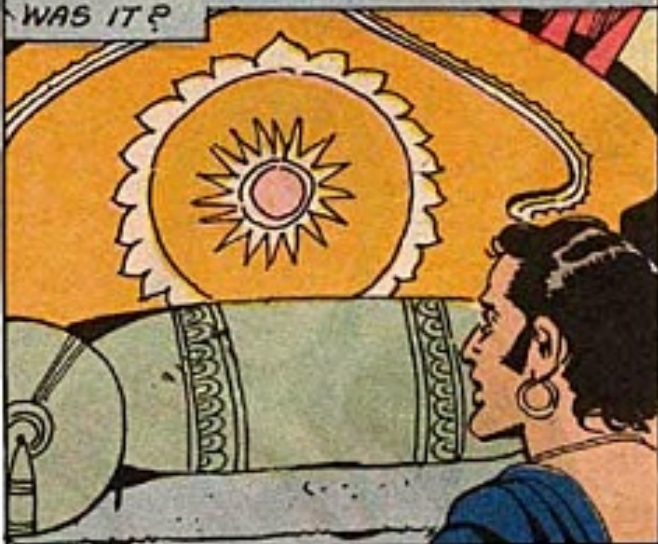
PAPANKARA SUCCEEDED HIS FATHER,  
AS KING. AS HE WALKED UP TO  
THE THRONE...

...HE PAUSED.

WHY DO YOU HESITATE?  
PLEASE SIT ON THE  
THRONE, MAHARAJ.  
IT'S YOURS.



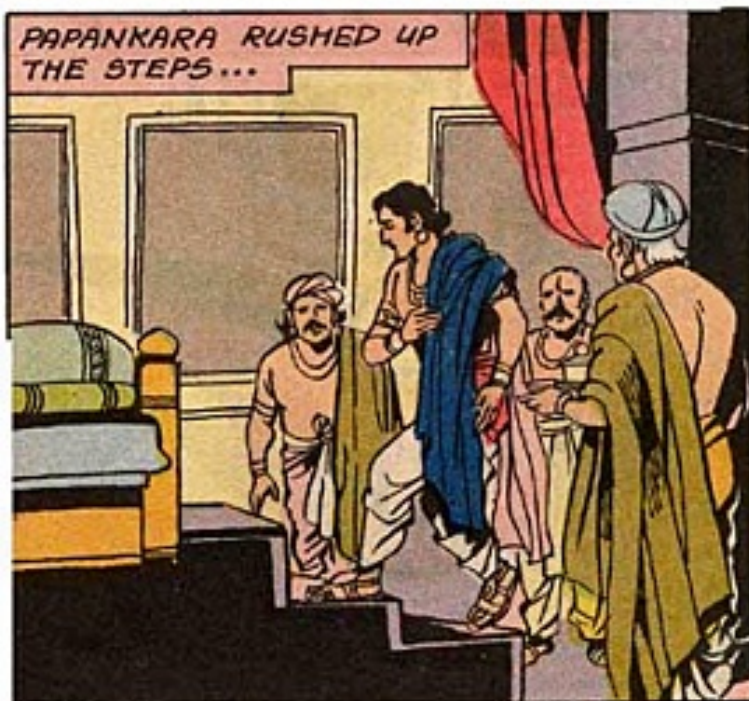
BUT PAPANKARA STOOD ROOTED TO THE GROUND. SOMETHING SEEMED TO BE HOLDING HIM BACK. WHAT WAS IT?



MAHARAJ, MAHARAJ!  
THE AUSPICIOUS HOUR  
IS ALMOST UP.

EH! I'M  
SORRY.

PAPANKARA RUSHED UP  
THE STEPS...



...AND SAT ON THE  
THRONE.



WHY DID HE  
HESITATE?

HE MUST HAVE  
BEEN THINKING  
OF HIS DEAD  
BROTHER.





MEANWHILE —

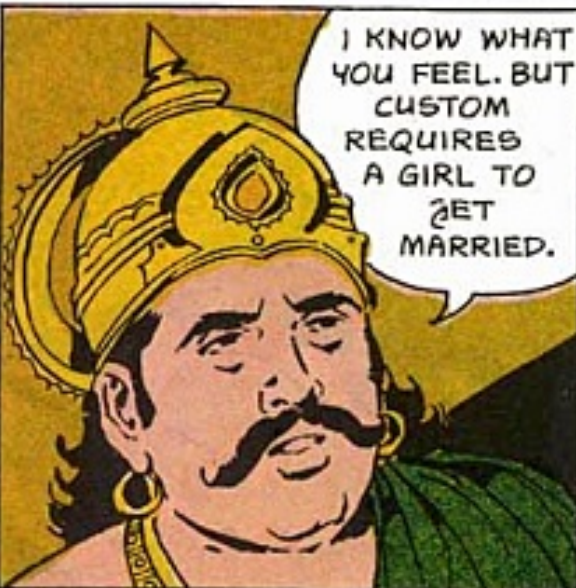
MY CHILD, IT IS NOW CERTAIN THAT KSEMANKARA WILL NOT COME BACK.



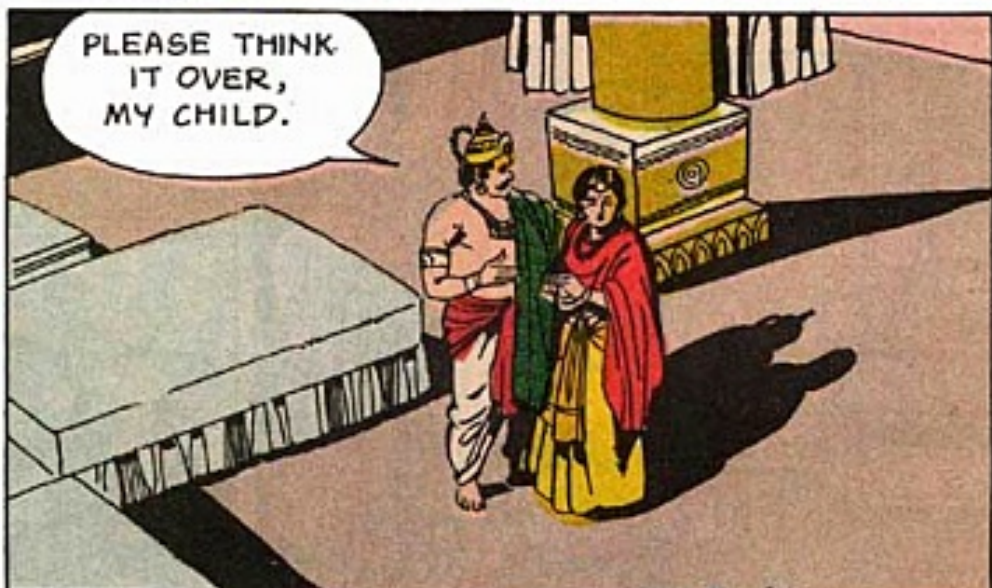
FATHER, ALIVE OR DEAD, KSEMANKARA ALONE WILL BE MY HUSBAND.



I KNOW WHAT YOU FEEL. BUT CUSTOM REQUIRES A GIRL TO GET MARRIED.



PLEASE THINK IT OVER, MY CHILD.



A FEW MONTHS LATER —

CHILD, MANY A KING HAS ASKED FOR YOUR HAND IN MARRIAGE...

FATHER! DO YOU STILL INSIST THAT I MARRY?



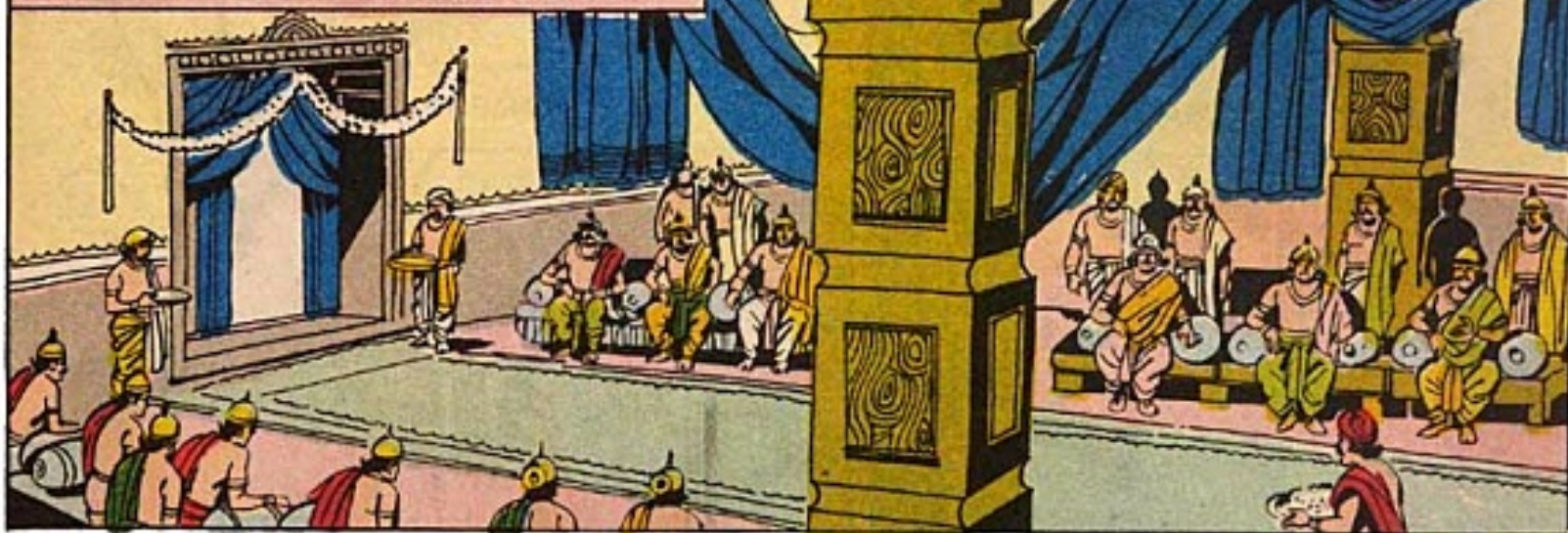
Y...E...S. YOU HAVE TO.

THEN PERMIT ME TO CHOOSE THE MAN.





THE KING HELD A SWAYAMVARA WHICH WAS ATTENDED BY PRINCES FROM FAR AND NEAR.



AS THE PRINCESS STEPPED OUT...



...THE FAINT NOTES OF A FLUTE CAUGHT HER ATTENTION.



SHE STOPPED, LISTENED...



...AND BEGAN WALKING AGAIN — TOWARDS THE SOUND.







IGNORING THEM SHE WALKED ON TILL —



SHE GARLANDED THE BLIND MUSICIAN. SHE HAD CHOSEN HER HUSBAND.

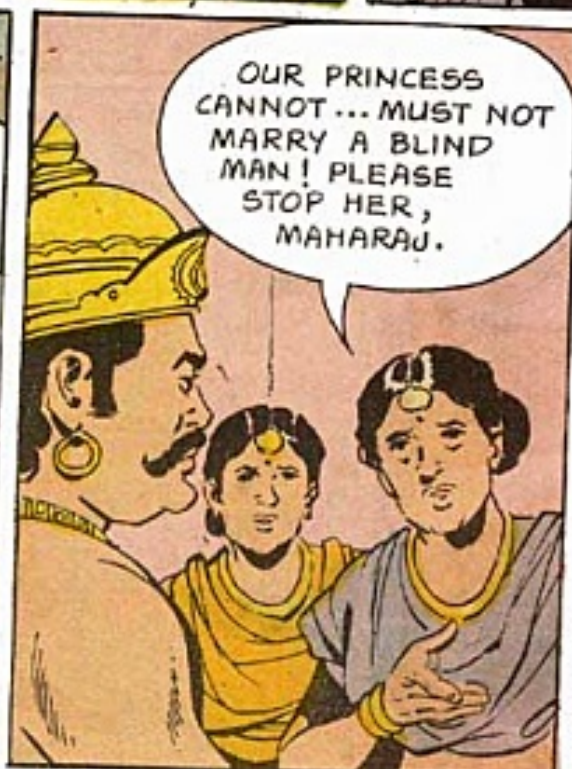


HER COMPANIONS RAN TO THE PALACE.

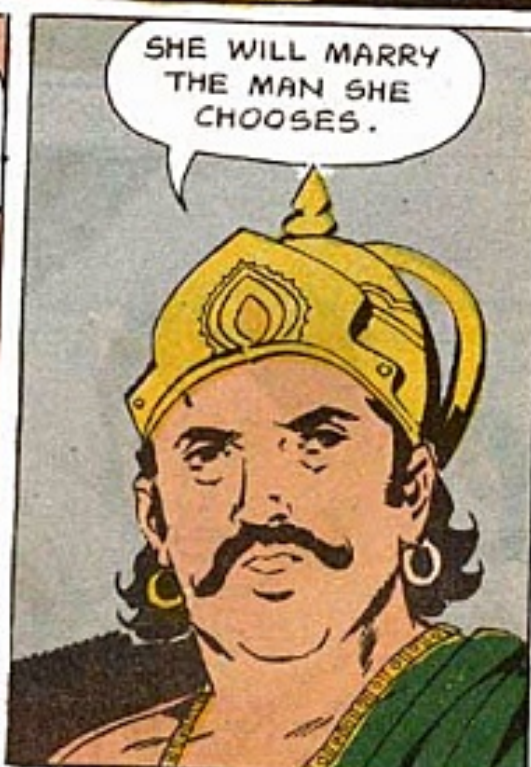
MAHARAJ, THE PRINCESS HAS CHOSEN A... A BLIND MAN.



OUR PRINCESS CANNOT... MUST NOT MARRY A BLIND MAN! PLEASE STOP HER, MAHARAJ.



SHE WILL MARRY THE MAN SHE CHOOSES.





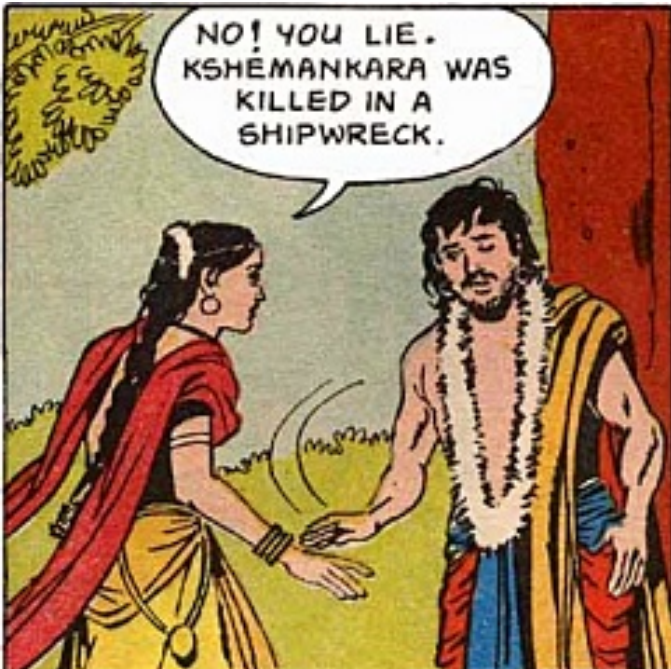
MEANWHILE AT THE GARDEN —











NO! YOU LIE.  
KSHĒMANKARA WAS  
KILLED IN A  
SHIPWRECK.



THERE WAS A  
SHIPWRECK. BUT  
I MANAGED TO  
SWIM TO  
SAFETY...



...WITH MY BROTHER  
ON MY BACK. AND THEN,  
EXHAUSTED, I FELL  
INTO A DEEP SLEEP.



WHEN I WOKE, I HEARD  
MYSELF SCREAMING WITH  
PAIN. SOMEONE HAD  
PIERCED MY  
EYES.



I CALLED OUT TO MY  
BROTHER. BUT THERE  
WAS NO REPLY.  
WITHOUT BEARING  
ANY MALICE TO  
WHOEVER  
BLINDED ME...



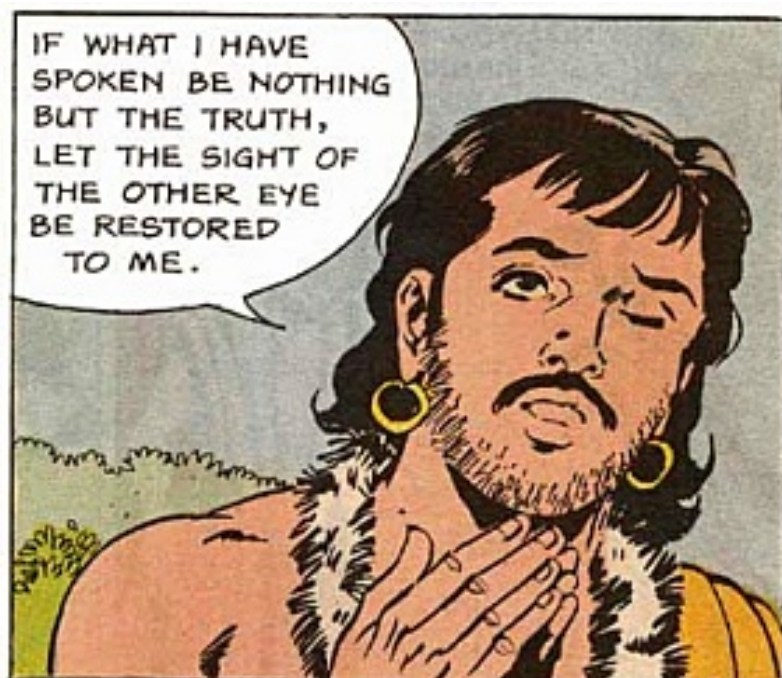
...I HAVE BEEN WANDERING  
FROM PLACE TO PLACE IN SEARCH  
OF MY BROTHER. I HAVE NOT  
FOUND HIM...





...BUT I HAVE FOUND YOU!

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL STORY! BUT HOW DO I KNOW IT'S TRUE?



IF WHAT I HAVE SPOKEN BE NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH, LET THE SIGHT OF THE OTHER EYE BE RESTORED TO ME.



MY PRINCESS!



KSHEMANKARA!



THE PRINCESS TOOK KSHEMANKARA TO THE PALACE.

FATHER, HERE IS THE MAN I CHOSE — KSHEMANKARA!

KSHEMANKARA? BUT... I...

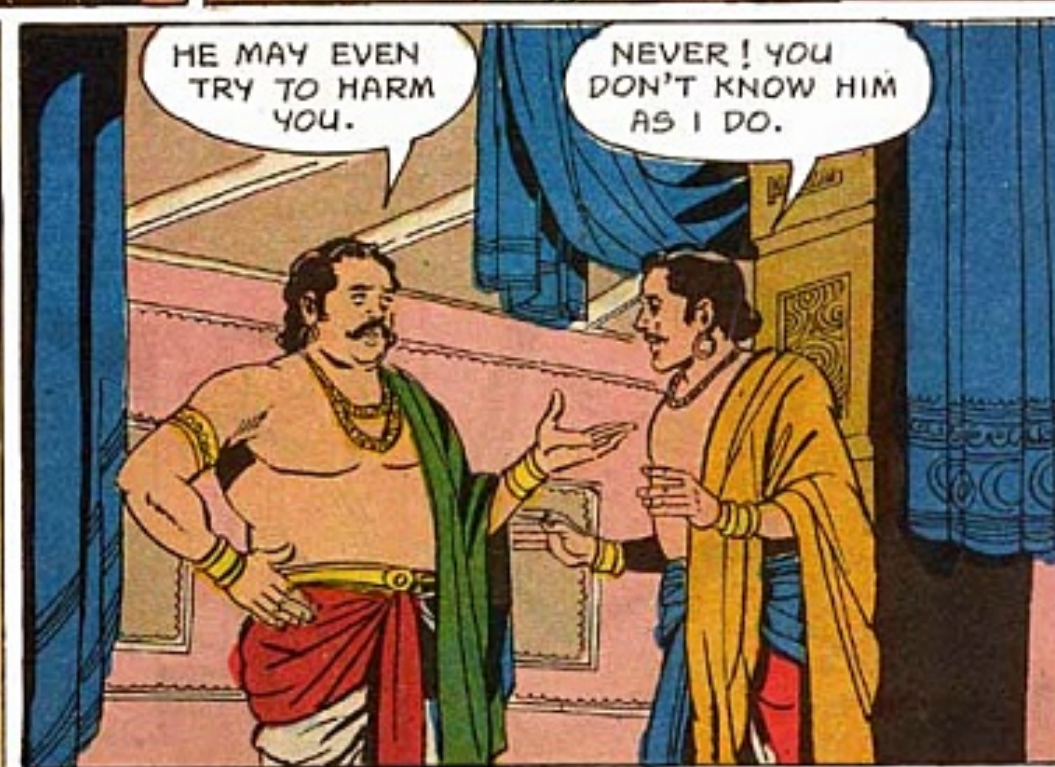
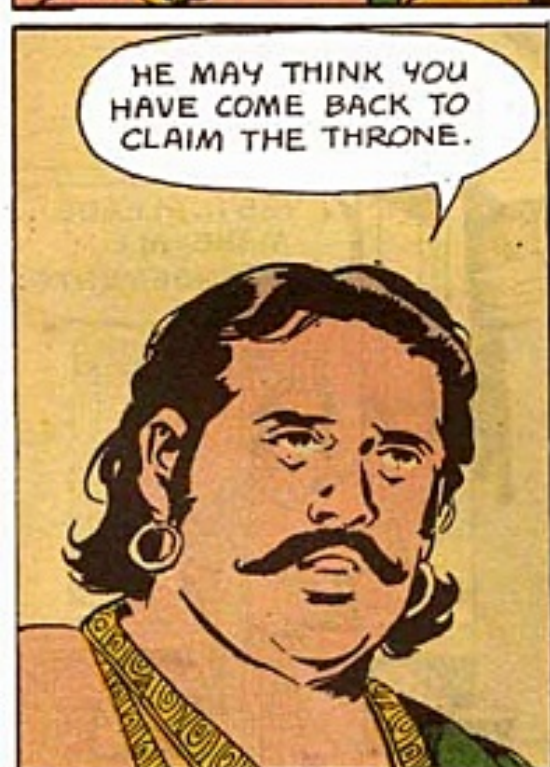
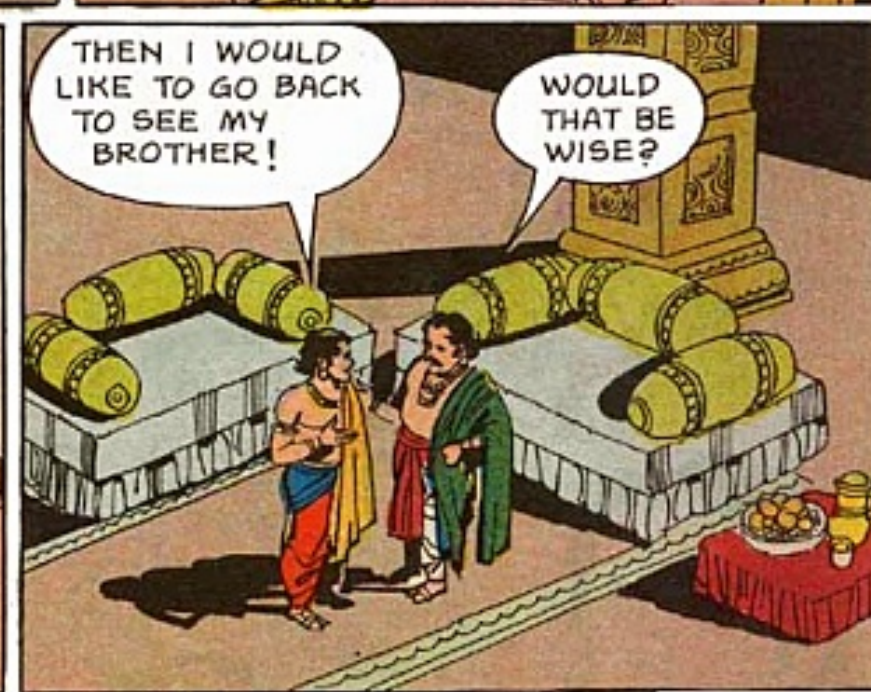
THE PRINCESS TOLD HIM ALL.



THAT VERY DAY KSHEMANKARA MARRIED THE PRINCESS.



SOON AFTER THE WEDDING —





MEANWHILE AT PAPANKARA'S PALACE —



PAPANKARA WAS NOT LISTENING. HE WAS LOST IN HIS OWN THOUGHTS.





KSHEMANKARA IS  
COMING BACK  
TO WHERE HE  
BELONGS.



AND I HAVE  
NO PLACE HERE.  
I CANNOT SHOW  
MY FACE TO  
HIM.



WHEN KSHEMANKARA REACHED THE  
CITY —

WELCOME  
HOME.

WHERE  
IS MY  
BROTHER?

WE HAVE NO  
IDEA. HE LEFT  
INSTRUCTIONS  
TO DECORATE  
THE CITY FOR  
YOU...

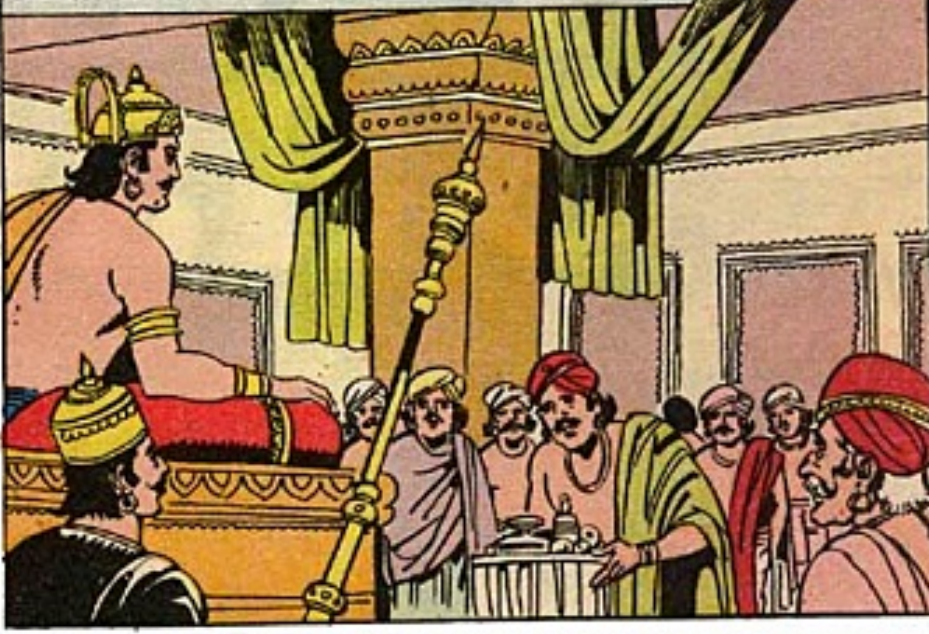


...AND RODE  
AWAY.

OH!



PAPANKARA NEVER CAME BACK. KSHEMANKARA  
BECAME KING AND RULED THE LAND.







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RECESS IS TIME TO HAVE FUN,  
NOT A TUMMY ACHES.

RAM AND SHYAM IN  
**SILVER STRIPES**



PARLE POPPINS. WATCH FOR THE SILVER STRIPES BEFORE YOU POP 'EM IN.  
NOW THE IMITATORS CAN'T FOOL YOU.